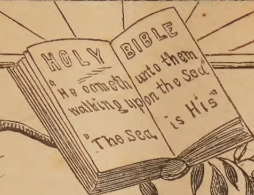
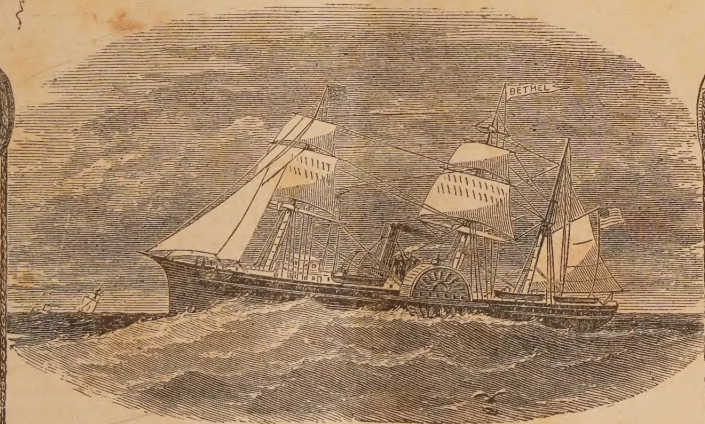


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THE
SAILORS' MAGAZINE
— and —
SEAMEN'S FRIEND



SEPTEMBER, 1871.

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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labor of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, the progress and the wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to mariners memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers \$1 a year invariably in advance. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, upon an annual request for the same. POSTAGE in advance—quarterly, at the office of delivery—within the United States, twelve cents a year.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Is also issued as an eight page monthly tract adapted to Seamen, and for gratuitous distribution among them. It is furnished Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and facts relating to Sea Libraries.

Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$20, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a Post Office Money Order, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, but always in a REGISTERED letter. The registration fee has been reduced to fifteen cents, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.



Vol. 43.

SEPTEMBER, 1871.

No. 9.

AN AMERICAN ACT FOR THE PROTECTION OF SEAMEN.

The Shipping Commissioner's Bill is one of the most important measures likely to engage the attention of the next Congress. It involves the welfare of more than 300,000 American seamen, and affects various financial and commercial interests and the discipline of the entire merchant marine of the country. Representatives from interior States, and indeed those from districts of the coast States remote from the larger ports, have very indistinct ideas of the gross abuses which the act alluded to is calculated to reform. In no port are the wrongs to sailor and shipper, entailed by the present shipping system, more flagrant than in that of New York. As illustrating these, and with the hope of directing the early attention of Representatives to the important measure of reform which halts in the House, we have had prepared the statement which follows, drawn from the experience and personal observation of a writer who has made, during three years past, repeated

visits to the shipping-officers and sailor's boarding-houses of this city

There is neither local, State, nor national regulation of the shipping of seamen in this country. When a ship of this port has its cargo stowed—this labor is performed by stevedores, not sailors—the captain applies for a crew to one of the thirty "shipping offices," giving a written order specifying the number and character of the crew desired. He cannot inspect the men provided for him: they are put aboard his ship on the day appointed for sailing, in a body, and the voyage begins without the officers knowing anything of the character or abilities of the crew as seamen, and being powerless to refuse to receive the men thus provided, even though knowing that they are not good seamen, for the reason that no ship can obtain in this port a proper crew if the shipping-masters and landlords of sailors' boarding-houses are not conciliated. These have been known to dictate the dismissal of Captains who

thwarted them. The "shipping-masters" are almost invariably of the lowest morals, men without practical knowledge of seamanship, and ignorant of the laws of the country governing its marine. They may if they choose send a Captain who has ordered a crew, a mob from the street or the Tombs for that matter, and when the demand for seamen is great they frequently send to sea in charge of valuable ships and cargoes inexperienced men who have never been outside of land, and who have to be decoyed or dragged aboard. Criminals flying from justice have been aided to escape by the shipping-masters, and it is believed that annually scores of "mysterious disappearances" are due to the kidnapping or impressing process which these men resort to in order to obtain crews. Deserters and bounty-jumpers were aided in the same way during the war, and thus men, not only without character and incapable of being properly disciplined, but wholly ignorant of seamen's duties were inflicted on the merchant service. Foreign sailors are often induced to desert their ships and take service in American vessels (although they thereby sacrifice their English certificates and their claims to British protection) that shipping-masters may get their fees. It thus happens that the very worst class of British tars is imposed upon the American merchant service to its disgrace and damage. The fees of shipping-masters are usually \$3 and \$5 per man from the owner of the vessel, and a like tax on the seamen, so that they really receive from \$6 to \$10 per man. But practically they get much more. If ships are few, the sailors, to secure a voy-

age, have to pay a bonus of from \$5 to \$15; if, on the contrary, sailors are scarce, the ship-owners are taxed from \$5 to \$30 a man. The pending bill makes the shipping master's fee \$2, 50 cents only of which is to be paid by the sailor, the other three-fourths being levied on the owner. The British shipping fee is only a shilling, but that system is sustained by the Government, while it is wisely proposed that the American system shall be self-supporting.

The shipping-master, having an order for a crew, does not apply to the seamen directly, but goes to the landlords of the sailors' boarding-houses and deals with them. These permit only those sailors who are without money and are in debt to them to ship, and only then on condition that the debt is paid through the shipping-master from the advance wages which custom gives the seaman. These boarding-houses in this port number 170, all but two of which exist in open defiance of a law of the State, enacted in 1866, but never enforced. It has been carefully estimated that these 170 dens support not less than 1,000 disolute women and men—the former drunken prostitutes driven from more aristocratic houses of ill-fame, and the latter "runners" or "touters," for the establishments, and recognized notorious smugglers and thieves. Into these houses fully 15,000 seamen are annually decoyed, and systematically robbed of not less than \$2,500,000 in the aggregate. The "touters" board vessels in the Bay (in violation of a law of the State and the Custom regulations) and solicit Jack's patronage of their houses. Often these "touters" extend the only friendly greetings which sea-

men receive after long cruises at sea, and as they come with promises of freedom from the restraints of the ship, it is not strange that the simple-minded sailor is allured by them to their pens. Here he is required to resign not merely his baggage but his money to the care of the "boarding-master," and his wages (not due until ten days after his discharge, when he is irrecoverably in debt for board), are collected through the rapacious landlord, or "land-shark," as Jack soon learns to call him. From one of these dens the sailor can escape only when his money is gone, and his advance wages for the next cruise are absorbed in shipping fees, and by his debt to the landlord. Large ships have been detained in this port after having their cargoes on board, because of the refusal of landlords to allow seamen to ship while their money lasted. This swindle is systematically pursued in almost every seaman's boarding-house and shipping-office in New York; and it is for the purpose of breaking this up and protecting the sailor that the bill now before the House has been framed. We are accustomed, when raging storms suggest it, to repeat the old prayer, "God save poor Jack at sea;" but there are good reasons, it would seem, why we should also pray, "God save poor Jack ashore." This bill is a practical way of answering that prayer, and conscience will not acquit those who neglect it.

There is more petty smuggling done in the Port of New York than in all other ports of the country, and it is a notorious fact that the boarding-house keepers, aided by sailors whom they have duped into that service are among the principal operators. Their "runners" board ves-

sels in the Lower Bay, and often carry sailors and their smuggled goods ashore on Staten Island, and thence by boat to this city, before the Custom-House officials have examined the vessel. Captains are powerless to refuse them admission to the ship, for their crews, regarding the "runners" as friends, would become mutinous at any orders to prevent them from boarding the vessel.

The boarding and shipping-masters naturally establish themselves near the docks. It thus happens that in this city they are mainly in the Fourth and Sixth Wards, and by combining they manage to control these Wards politically. They can, by concert of action in detaining seamen at election times, cast from 800 to 1,000 votes in a local election. It is thus they maintain in place policemen and judges wholly devoted to their interests, so that the sailor has no show of justice in the courts. Further than that he has not a single law framed in his interest and for his protection. The only law of the United States specially devoted to him is one which, by authorizing the ship-owner to defer payment of crews until 10 days after their discharge, throws the sailor into the hands of the rapacious landlords and shipping-masters.

The proposed American is a close copy of the British Shipping Act. That act in 40 years has redeemed the English merchant service from worse abuses than now exist with us. It has originated and maintained in all the principal ports "Sailors' Homes," in which sailors are housed, educated, and protected, and has driven landlords into other pursuits, chiefly in the public prisons. The

bill has thus the chief recommendation of successful application in another country. Besides, it has the approval of the Navy Department, the shipping merchants of the country, and those numerous benevolent institutions which labor to protect the sailor. If adopted, we do not doubt that it will do much to further their efforts, to improve the condition of the seamen and the *personnel* of the merchant service, by provid-

ing a better class of better disciplined men. We hope Congress will not permit this bill, approved by so many interests and actively opposed by none, to fail because other measures have precedence of it on the calendar. Let it be considered out of its proper order, if necessary, but let it not be passed hastily over. The reform cannot be begun too soon for the interests of commerce and humanity.

INTERESTING STORY OF FATHER TAYLOR.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM WELL.

During the last war between England and the United States, there lived in an obscure suburb of the city of Boston a poor but devoted English woman, who having lost her husband soon after her emigration, depended for her subsistence on the earnings of her needle. Her neighbors were of the lowest class—ignorant and vicious. She felt in her poverty and toils that God might have cast her lot in these unfavorable circumstances for some good purpose, and began zealously to plan for the religious improvement of her neighborhood. Among other means, she opened her small front room several times a week for a prayer-meeting, and procured the aid of several Methodists in conducting it. Much of the good seed thus scattered with a faith that hoped against hope, and in a soil that seemed nothing but arid sand, produced good fruit. Among the attendants at the evening meeting was a young mariner, with an intellectual eye, a prepossessing countenance, and the generous susceptibilities of a sailor's heart. Amid the corruptions of his associates, he had been noted for his temperance and excellent disposition. And yet this child of the sea had been a wanderer on its waves from his earliest years. He could scarcely trace the tie of a single family relation on earth, and had known no other friends than the ever-varying but true-hearted companionships of

the fore-castle. A natural superiority of head and heart had raised him above many of the moral perils of his lot. His fine traits interested much the good English woman and her religious associates, and they could not see why God would not make some use of him among his comrades. He had received no education, but could read imperfectly. She hoped that Providence would in some way provide for his future instruction; but in the midst of her anticipations, he was suddenly summoned away to sea. He had been out but a short time when the vessel was seized by a British privateer and carried into Halifax, where the crew suffered a long and wretched imprisonment.

A year had passed away, during which the good woman had heard nothing of the young mariner. Her hopes of him were abandoned as extravagant, in view of his unsettled mode of life, and its peculiar impediments to his improvement. Still she remembered and pray for him with the solicitude of a mother. About this time she received a letter from her kindred who had settled in Halifax, on business which required her to visit that town. While there, her habitual disposition to be useful led her, with a few friends, to visit the prison with tracts. In one apartment were the American prisoners. As she approached the grated door, a voice shouted her name, calling

her mother, and a youth beckoned and leaped for joy at the grate: it was the lost sailor-boy. They wept and conversed like mother and son; and when she left she gave him a Bible, his future guide and comfort. During her stay at Halifax, she constantly visited the prison, supplying the youth with tracts, religious books, and clothing, and endeavoring, by her conversation, to secure the religious impressions made on his mind by the prayer-meetings in Boston. After some months, she removed to a distant part of the provinces, and for years she heard nothing more of the youth.

In 18—, I was appointed to Boston. One of the most agreeable circumstances of this new appointment was that it afforded me the acquaintance of "Father Taylor," the celebrated mariner's preacher of the city—a gentleman whose fame for genius and usefulness was general; whose extraordinary character has been sketched in our periodicals and the books of transatlantic visitors as one of the so-called "lions" of the city, whom a distinguished critic has pronounced the greatest poet of the land, though unable to write a stanza, and a mayor of Boston publicly declared a more effectual protector of the peace of the most degraded parts of the city than any hundred policemen.

In a spacious and substantial chapel, crowded about by the worst habitations of the city, he delivered every Sabbath for years, discourses the most extraordinary, to assemblies also as extraordinary, perhaps, as are to be found in the Christian world. In the centre column of seats, guarded sacredly against all other intrusion, sat a dense mass of mariners—a strange medley of white, black, and olive—Protestant, Catholic, and pagan—representing many languages, unable probably to comprehend each other's vocal speech, but speaking there the same languages of intense looks and flowing tears. On the other seats, in the galleries, the aisles, the altar, and on the pulpit-stairs, crowded, week after week, and year after year (with the families of sailors, and the poor who

had no other temple), the *élite* of the city—the learned professor, the student, the popular writer, the actor, groups of clergymen, and the votaries of gayety and fashion—listening with throbbing hearts and wet eyes to a man whose only school had been the fore-castle, whose only endowments those of grace and nature; but whose discourses presented the strangest, the most brilliant exhibition of shrewd sense, epigrammatic thought, melting pathos, resistless humor, expressed in a style of pertinency, spangled over by an exhaustless variety of the finest images, and pervaded by spiritual earnestness that subdued all listeners—a man who could scarcely speak three sentences in the pulpit or out of it without presenting a striking poetical image, a phrase of rare beauty, or a sententious sarcasm, and the living examples of whose usefulness are scattered over the seas.

During my second year in Boston, an aged English local preacher moved to the city from the British provinces, and became connected with my charge. His wife, though advanced in years, had that colloquial vivacity, motherly affectionateness, and air of tidiness which we often find in the better-trained women of the common people of England. I felt a cordial comfortableness about their humble hearth which was not to be found in more stately dwellings, and often resorted to it for an hour of sociability and conversation. I thus became acquainted with her history—her former residence in the city—the evening prayer-meeting—her removal to the provinces—her second marriage, etc.

The old local preacher was mingling in a public throng one day with a friend, when they met "Father Taylor." A few words of introduction led to a free conversation, in which the former residence of his wife in the city was mentioned. An allusion was made to her prayer-meeting; her former name was asked by "Father Taylor." He seemed seized by an impulse; inquired their residence; hastened away, and in a

short time arrived in a carriage, with all his family, at the home of the aged pair. There a scene ensued which I must leave to the imagination of the reader. "Father Taylor" was the sailor-boy of the prayer-meeting and the prison; the old lady was the widow who had first cared for his soul. They had met once more.

Her husband has since gone to heaven; and she resides in humble but comfortable obscurity, unknown to the world, but exerting upon it, through the sailor-preacher, an influence for good which the final day alone can fully reveal.

Reader, there may be a neglected

spirit within thy reach, which, reclaimed by thine influence from vice, might be to thee an agency of inestimable usefulness—a gem on the brow of the Church on earth, and a blessed companion in thy walks over the "flowery meads" of heaven. Under the abject rags of poverty is wrapped a jewel which may glitter on the crown of the Redeemer in the heavens, and which an archangel would descend swiftly from the skies to seize and recover. But to angels is denied this honor; yet it may be thine! and it may afford thee more "riches of glory" than could all the diadems of earth.

THE POLARIS AT NEWFOUNDLAND.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, writing from St. Johns, N. F. July 21, says:

The *Polaris*, whose destination is the North Pole, has been lying in our harbor during the last ten days, and has excited much interest. She has been visited by a considerable number of our citizens, who are much pleased with the courtesy of Captain Hall and his officers in showing visitors over the ship and explaining the peculiarities of her construction and outfit. Your readers are already familiar with all details regarding the *Polaris*, so that a repetition of them in this communication would only be wearisome. I doubt not that all that men can do will be done by Captain Hall and his brave crew to accomplish their object. In this utilitarian age it is refreshing to find an undertaking like this projected and sustained, in which no gain but the enlargement of the boundaries of knowledge and the advancement of the interests of science are the animating motives. It is honorable to a country where the worship of the dollar is understood to be so prevalent, that it has sent out such an expedition as this. That it may be successful in solving the great problem of an open Arctic basin, and thus covering with glory the daring men who have taken the work in hand "is a con-

summation devoutly to be wished."

It is now eighteen years since the gallant Kane gave us a call on his way to the Arctic regions. On the 18th of June, 1853, the *Advance* dropped anchor in our harbor, and took her departure for Greenland on the 21st. Braver hearts than those on board never beat in human bosoms; more cool and intrepid navigators never dared the treacherous deep. The story of their toils and sufferings is now a familiar tale all over the civilized world, and has prompted many brave hearts to similar deeds of daring. Captain Hall's expedition may be regarded as an attempt to complete Kane's work by exploring the mysterious Polar basin which he sighted.

From this island Kane took with him a fine team of Newfoundland dogs, the gift of Governor Hamilton, and found them extremely serviceable. One of this pack, "Old Whitey," survived all the hardships of the expedition, and returned to be affectionately cherished by Kane till the day of his death. The members of the Masonic body presented Kane with an address and a Masonic flag which he promised to plant on the North Pole should he reach that interesting locality. His different excursion parties carried this flag with them as a banner of faith and hope;

and on the memorable occasion when a party of Kane's men had lost their way and were covered in the snow-wreaths and all but dead with cold and hunger, it was this little flag that indicated to the rescuing party where the sufferers lay.

Captain Hall takes with him from this place a team of our dogs, not however of the pure Newfoundland breed, but a mongrel species that are used by our fishermen in hauling their wood in winter over the snow. They are hardy, powerful brutes,

and can stand an immense amount of fatigue and starvation. We would cheerfully make a present of the whole race to Arctic explorers as the savage brutes destroy our sheep when they get a chance, and even in the capital often "murder sleep" and "make night hideous" with their howlings. The *Polaris* sailed for Greenland on Wednesday last, the 19th of July. She is just a month later than Kane in starting from this port.

THE PERILS OF THE SEA.

LOSS OF THE BARK "DASHING WAVE."—FEARFUL SUFFERING OF THE CREW.

We have to record one of the most miraculous escapes from death at sea in many forms that have ever been made public. The bark *Dashing Wave*, a successful China tea clipper, is down as missing in the *Sydney Morning Herald*. Captain Vandervord was the master of the vessel, and from him we learn the following particulars:—He left Foo-chow on July 29 bound for Sydney; and on the night of August 31, the weather being thick and squalls coming down at intervals, Captain Vandervord took in the maintop-gallantsail at 10 p. m., and went below to lie on the sofa in the cabin; at half-past 10 he went on deck again and was just in time to see a small island right ahead; he shouted to the man at the wheel to put the helm down, and the vessel had nearly come round when her keel touched on the reef which surrounds the island. Half an hour after taking the bottom, the copper came over the weather-side in sheets, and the foremast sunk 18 inches; the mainmast was cut away, but the ship began to break up fast. The island proved to be Wake Island, small and uninhabited, surrounded by a reef, rendering it impossible to land if there is any wind blowing at all. Captain Vandervord says it is 110 miles out of the position given in the chart, 10° 30' N., 167° E. The crew took

to the long boat, and Captain Vandervord secured a chart and nautical instruments, but strange to say no compass was saved; a case of colonial wine, a bag and a half of bread and two buckets were put in the boat, but no water; and for 31 days the thirteen men were in the open boat without seeing land or a ship, or receiving any assistance whatever. They left the wreck at 10 the morning after, and with sail made of blankets sewn together, and fixed to an oar, began their weary journey in search of some inhabited island. Their sufferings may be imagined. For the first five days they had not a drop of water, and the captain served out one bottle of Cawarra daily between the thirteen; that saved their lives; after that time they had rain and caught water, but except at the time it was actually raining, a half pint of water each only a day was served out and a handful of bread. To the credit of the men and their commander there was no insubordination, no attempt to obtain more than their share of the scanty provisions and precious water; silently but resignedly they passed day after day, the sun pouring down on their unsheltered heads. Every day Captain Vandervord got the boat's position by means of his instruments, but when the weather was dull of course they went in all

directions for want of a compass, and especially on cloudy nights; it was the masters intention to make for the Kingsmill group, but the current was against them, and then a course was steered for Ascension Island, and had any of the party been able to row they might have reached it, but, weak as they were, all they could do was to keep their boat before the wind with the blanket sail. After 30 days of suffering, their mouths parched, tongues swollen, wet with grateful showers, scorched by a tropical sun, fully undergoing Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner's" sufferings,

"Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Not a drop to drink,
And every tongue through utter drought
Was withered at the root,
We could not speak no more than if
We had been choaked with soot!"—

they sighted Strong's (Ualan) Island, the easternmost of the Caroline group. Here the castaways saw a

canoe outside taking produce from one part of the island to another, and had they been able to get some provisions Captain Vandervord would have kept on, and tried to make one of the islands of the Marshall or Gilbert groups adjacent. The boat refused to trade with them, and they went inside and were received by the King with the utmost hospitality; he took the captain and mate to live with him, and assigned quarters to the men in the town. After some days Capt. Vandervord and part of the crew took the boat and tried to reach Kingsmill, and were fitted out by the King with sails, mast, and provisions of every kind, but met with a gale and had to return to Strong's Island. Altogether 38 days were spent on the island, when the *Oriti* put in short of provisions, and they came on in that vessel and arrived on Thursday at midnight. Captain Vandervord desires to acknowledge the kindness of Captain Beatson to himself and his unfortunate crew.—*Fiji Times*, January 7.

DISASTER IN THE PERSIAN GULF—DEATHS BY STARVATION.

The *Times of India* of June 13th publishes the story printed below, and supplied to it by the Master Attendant's Department: "I, the undersigned, CUMMIS-BIN-MAHOMED, a native of Linga, do hereby declare that I was a passenger on board the bugla *Mahomudy*, which vessel sailed from Mangalore on the 28th of April with a general cargo to the Persian Gulf. On or about the 5th of May, at 7 A. M., it came to blow very hard, and rose to a typhoon, which lasted about ten days. The nacoda, for the safety of the crew, ordered the cargo to be thrown overboard, but this measure did not relieve the bugla, the sea breaking in all directions; the rudder parted, which rendered the vessel entirely unmanageable. The jolly-boat was stove in, and the nacoda ordered the mast to be cut down to relieve the vessel, but this measure did not at all alter our position; the crew were completely knocked up, the sea began to break on board in all directions, which

caused the vessel to founder, launching forty-five of our number to the mercy of the waves; nineteen men clung to one of the water tanks; myself, the nacoda, and thirteen of the crew to the other; and the remainder to the fragments of the wreck that were floating near them. Shortly after this melancholy accident we parted company; twelve days after this occurrence three men (that were in my company) died from starvation. On the day these men died we sighted a steamer, which we signaled by flying our clothes, hailing, and making different signals by our hands. Our distress and position were no doubt observed by the people on board the steamer, as she came nearly within our reach, and remained about an hour and a half, but did not think proper to relieve us from a watery grave; although our supplications were repeated and our danger represented, the Captain gave a deaf ear to us. The steamer had a straight stem and a red band

round her funnel. She went away from us after stopping nearly one hour. We were eighteen days in this perilous position. Previous to the steamer coming near us three men died, and after she left us nine died. Three of us were picked up by a cotia somewhere near Goa, and landed at Bombay yesterday evening. We were in the water for thirty-six days from the date that the bugla foundered to the date that we were picked up. The other nineteen men that had been hanging on to the second water tank were fortunately picked up by a steamer and safely landed at Aden; this information I have received since my arrival in Bombay."

The Earl of Aberdeen.

The story of George H. Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, whose roving disposition and love of adventure led him from his home to seek novelty and change in the life of a common sailor, is still fresh in the memory of all. All communication with him having long ceased, his family, fearing he was dead, despatched a commission to the United States to ascertain if possible if such was the case. For some time they sought a clue in vain, until through Captain J. P. Wilbur, a well-known ship-master of Mystic, they received the first intelligence, by which they were enabled to trace his career after his departure from England. He had shipped with Captain Wilbur as mate, and served in that capacity during one voyage, leaving him to embark upon the vessel from which, when a few days out, he was swept overboard and drowned. Captain Wilbur recently arrived at Bristol, England, in command of the new bark *Sappho*, and on his arrival he found a letter from the present Earl of Aberdeen, cordially inviting him to visit Haddo House, the country seat of Lord Aberdeen, in Aberdeenshire. The house is situated in the centre of a park of a thousand acres beautifully laid out, and is arranged with every regard to

comfort and luxury that a refined and elegant taste could desire, yet for the last few years it has been a house of sorrow. The father of Lady Aberdeen, who was premier before Lord Palmerston, died in 1860, and her husband in 1864. In 1868 a son was accidentally killed at Cambridge, and a year ago George Gordon was drowned at sea. There are eleven hundred farms on the estate, and the other property of the family is immense, yet with all that is considered necessary to make life happy at his disposal, the young lord chose to forsake it and lead the roving life which terminated in his death. Capt. Wilbur was warmly received and hospitably entertained, and was able to comfort the mother with the words, "I believe he was a good young man and a Christian." In their religious belief the family are Scotch Presbyterians; and Lady Aberdeen said that "the day George left home he read the eighty-fourth psalm at morning prayer." Capt. Wilbur remained in Aberdeenshire several days, and was overpowered with kind attentions while there. "All," he says, "because I was enabled some time since to show a little kindness to a stranger who proved to be Lord Aberdeen."—*Norwich Courier*.

Four-Eyed Fish.

On we rowed, looking out sharply right and left for an alligator basking in the mud among the mangrove roots. But none appeared, though more than one, probably, was watching us, with nothing of him above the water but his horny eyes. The heron flapped on ahead, and settled once more, as if leading us on up the ugly creek, which grew narrower and fouler, till the oars touched the bank on each side, and drove out of the water shoals of four-eyed fish, ridiculous little things about as long as your hand, who, instead of diving to the bottom like reasonable fish, seemed possessed with the fancy that they could succeed better in the air, or on land, and accordingly jumped over

each other's backs, scrambled out upon the mud, swam about with their goggle-eyes projecting above the surface of the water, and, in fact, did anything but behave like fish.

This little creature (star-gazer, as some call him,) is, you must understand, one of the curiosities of Trinidad and of the Guiana coast. He looks, on the whole, like a gray mullet, with a large blunt head, out of which stand, almost like horns, the eyes, from which he takes his name. You may see in Wood's Illustrated Natural History a drawing of him, which is, I am sorry to say, one of the very few bad ones in the book; and read how, "at a first glance, the fish appears to possess four distinct eyes, each of these organs being divided across the middle, and apparently separated into two distinct portions. In fact, an opaque band runs transversely across the corner of the eye, and the iris, or colored portion, sends out two processes, which meet each other under the transverse band of the cornea, so that the fish appears to possess even a double pupil." Still, on closer investigation, the connection between the divisions of the pupil are apparent, and can readily be seen in the young fish. The lens is shaped something like a jargonelle pear, and so arranged that its broad extremity is placed under the large segment of the cornea."

These strangely specialized eyes—so folks believe here—the fish uses by halves. With the lower halves he sees through the water, with the upper halves through the air; and, elevated by this quaint privilege, he aspires to be a terrestrial animal, emulating, I presume, the alligators around, and tries to take his walks upon the mud. You may see, as you go down to bathe on the east coast, a group of black dots, in pairs, peering up out of the sand, at the very highest verge of the surf line. As you approach them, they leap up and prove themselves to belong to a party of four eyes, who run—there is no other word—down the beach, dash into the roaring surf, and the moment they see you safe in the sea,

run back again on the next wave, and begin staring at the sky once more. He who sees four eyes for the first time without laughing must be much wiser, or much stupider, than any man has a right to be.—*A Christmas in the West Indies*, by Charles Kingsley.

Population of the Globe.

Latest and best authority gives the population of the globe at 1,350,200,000; in America, 72,800,000; in Europe, 287,000,000; in Asia, 798,600,000; in Africa, 188,000,000; in Australia and Polynesia, 3,800,000. These people speak about 3,600 different languages, and are cut up into 1,000 different religious sects. The adherents of the principal religions, counting the whole population, are supposed to be nearly thus: Greek Church, 69,692,700; the six other Oriental Churches, 6,500,000; Roman Catholics, 195,000,000; Protestants, 97,139,000; Mohammedans, 160,000,000; Buddhists, 340,000,000; other Asiatic religions, 260,000,000; Pagans, 200,000,000; Jews, 6,000,000.

New Phase of Benevolence.

Some sixteen years ago, a gentleman residing in one of our growing cities, being informed by the Postmaster, that many letters directed to foreign countries failed to reach their destinations for want of postage, determined to supply the deficiency himself, and had all such letters forwarded thereafter at his own expense. He was moved to do this by the reflection that their non-receipt by the persons for whom they were intended might often occasion disappointment, embarrassment, loss, and perhaps affliction. Not long after, when the new law required the prepayment of postage on domestic letters also, he had all that were detained provided for in the same manner. So that no letter during the past fifteen or sixteen years has been sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington from that city by reason of

the non-payment of postage, and the total number of letters, foreign and domestic, on which this gentleman has paid postage during this time, now exceeds *fifty thousand*. On each of these letters was pasted a little ticket stating that the stamp was put on by a stranger, and giving his box address in case any one wished to repay him, but the replies have been few. The notice on foreign letters rarely meets with a response, though return postage has been received from China, Africa, South America, and nearly every part of Europe. *Sailors have been found the most prompt and appreciating in this respect.*

The Savannah, Ga., Port Society.

The Savannah Port Society, organized 21st November, 1843, to promote Religion, Temperance and Morality among the Sailors who come to Savannah, claiming no denominational or sect influence, rests its demands upon the broadest grounds of usefulness and charity.

The Chaplain, Rev. Richard Webb, has labored among officers of vessels and common sailors, faithfully and acceptably, as they cheerfully bear witness. He has delivered 216 discourses and addresses, visited all the vessels in port, and both of the Marine Hospitals regularly and constantly every week without the least intermission, and distributed 1,755 copies of the Scriptures and religious books, and 45,551 tracts, at the same time inviting all seamen to attend service at the Bethel. He reports that his visits have been cordially welcomed by all classes of seamen, and that a larger appropriation of money is necessary to furnish a more ample supply of reading matter, especially for the foreign sailors, many of whom, in some instances, whole crews, do not understand our language, and can only be reached through this instrumentality.

Chaplain Webb has often lamented the entire absence of proper appliances to rescue seamen from drowning in our harbor, and has recently

ordered a life-saving apparatus from England, which, if it proves efficient, we trust will be duplicated to an extent sufficient to supply all the prominent places along the docks. He is also endeavoring to interest others in the necessity for a nautical school where our youth, who have a seaman's life in view, may be taught the science of navigation.

The result of his efforts in the temperance cause shows one hundred and eighty-three signatures to the Total Abstinence Pledge at the Bethel.

It is due to the seamen to state that they have been exceedingly liberal in contributing toward the incidental expenses and repairs of the Bethel; thus setting an example worthy of imitation by those more highly favored with this world's possessions.

THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, has, by its liberal appropriations for the two past years, materially aided to support the zealous Chaplain.

The society needs \$2,000 per annum to carry on its current work.

The Officers for the ensuing year are as follows, viz:

J. T. Thomas, President.
J. D. Hopkins, 1st Vice-President.
C. D. Rogers, 2d Vice-President.
C. H. Olmstead, Recording Sec'y.
W. S. Bogart, Corresponding Sec'y.
D. G. Purse, Treasurer.

My First Fish.

BY DR. F. E. ADAMS.

I had ardently desired to catch a fish. One morning, when about nine years of age, I begged my father to go with me to the Merrimack that my ambition might be gratified. Although he was very busy, by some unaccountable impulse he yielded to my request. We hunted up rods and lines, dug the indispensable bait, and hastened down the hill through a beautiful wood, to an eddy where the wavelets played on a smooth sandy shore. My hook was first in the water and first seized by a large golden perch, which, in

my excitement, I found it no small task to drag upon the sand. To disengage him from the hook required the superior strength and skill of my father. That fish made me a hero, not in my own eyes only, but also in those of our family and of my playmates, to whom I showed him on reaching home. We fished an hour longer, and my father caught a fine string, but not another nibble had I. It was not safe for me to get any more glory that day. Nor did I desire more, I was full. My fish was larger than six of father's, and it was enough for me to carry it home and display it. And it was borne home alone! String it on the twig with the others? No, sir, not in such company at all. It is a fish distinguished, and when cooked it is to be put on my plate. And so it was. That was my first conquest.

In the course of years I studied for the Gospel ministry. The voice of the fathers which I regarded as the voice of God, ordained and sent me to the Gulf of Finland to act as chaplain to seamen in Cronstadt, the port of St. Petersburg. The mole of Cronstadt was filled with American ships and English brigs. I reached it on Saturday, too late to make preparation for Sabbath service. I was, therefore, obliged to wait until morning, when a boatman took me from vessel to vessel, until a captain from Newburyport responded to my call, took me on board, hoisted the bethel flag, which waved to the eyes of hundreds, many of whom were seen at about ten o'clock wending their way to our ship, mounting her sides and seating themselves in order on the deck. The capstan was my pulpit; my theme the *living way*. They were attentive and decorous, though there appeared no token of a deep, saving impression. The service closed, the hour passed away. Three months later I was called to address a public meeting in England. At the close a sailor came to me, saying, "I heard you preach in Cronstadt last summer." Indeed! "Yes, and I remember well the text, for the truth you uttered led me to Christ."

I found that the man had made a public profession of his faith, and was living a godly, useful life.

That was the *first fish* which I had evidence of catching as a fisher of men. I went five thousand miles to catch him, and fifteen hundred miles more to ascertain the fact!—*Presbyterian*.

Under Water.

A religious couple had, for many long years, prayed for their son; but it seemed as if all cries were in vain. Their son, who, as a boy, had been giddy and obstinate, turned out a bad, ungodly youth, who prepared grievous trouble and anxiety for his parents, and at last, when their house became too strict for him, ran away and became a sailor.

One day, on board ship, he had mounted the rigging, and, when there, lost his balance, and fell overboard. A boat was at once lowered to pick him up; but, as the vessel was sailing quickly at the time, it was a long time before the young man could be reached; but at last he was brought on board seemingly lifeless.

The ship's doctor used all possible means of restoring him to life; but it seemed as if they would prove fruitless. His comrades had given up all hope of being able to save him, when he gave a few signs of life. The attempts for reviving him were now begun afresh; and, after a short time, the young man opened his eyes, and then uttered the cry of joy, "Jesus Christ has saved me!"

Then he was silent again; and it was a long time before he was able to relate what he had experienced, when, in the water, he had struggled with death. "When I fell down from the mast, and recognized my danger, it seemed as if all the sins of my whole life stood before me. I beheld my terrible great guilt, and did not fear death so much as the punishment which would follow it. In this anguish of soul a text came to my recollection which I had often heard my father repeat: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all

acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." To Him I cried in my trouble; and I hope that he has pardoned me, and I am sure that he has saved me.

His after-life proved that his penitence was really sincere, and not merely the passing effects of the fear of approaching death. He henceforth led a new life. He returned to his parents, who received him with great joy: he now became their comfort and support, and lived as an honest and godly man.—*The Children's Prize.*

Overboard off Cape Horn.

There are periods in the history of every reflective person, when the whole of life seems crowded into a few moments, and those moments are filled with eternal interests. No one fully understands himself, or the real worth of time, till he finds himself hanging by a slender cord between time and eternity. He may think himself a bold man, ready for a conflict with any power, ready for any emergency; but when he stands face to face with death, "without hope and without God," how suddenly his boasted goodness or nobleness of spirit fails to comfort his soul, and his courage sinks at once into utter helplessness and fear!

Such were the feelings of a German sailor, who was led to think of his lost condition—as given by himself in a conference meeting I attended some months since. It would be impossible to describe the earnestness and childlike simplicity in which this son of the ocean spoke of himself as a sinner saved; for every gesture, with the glow of his sun-browned countenance, told in language stronger than tongue could utter, the reality of the change which had been wrought in his soul by the power of the gospel, set home upon his heart by the Holy Spirit. In his broken English, he spoke as follows:—

"If there is one place on earth I desire to be in more than another, it is where Christians meet for prayer and conference. It has not always

been so with me, brethren. I was once a poor, thoughtless, wayward sinner,—a drinker, a swearer, a Sabbath-breaker,—everything, almost, that was bad.

"Well do I remember one stormy night, when we were off Cape Horn. The wind blew a perfect gale, and we were indeed at our wits' end, when a big sea struck our ship, and knocked me overboard. I could not swim, and all I could do at best was to keep myself above water. Then I thought my time had come, and I must meet my God, whose name I had blasphemed, and whose law I had set at defiance. All my life seemed before me, and all seemed one great, long, dark list of sins, with nothing good placed to my credit.

"How I longed to live, that I might have a better record to die by!

"Just then, when I felt I was about to sink, to rise no more, till 'the sea should give up the dead that are in it,' I heard a shout from the ship, '*Catch the rope we throw to you!*'

"Ah! that was my only chance for life, and I caught hold of it, and that was all that I could do; and when I was drawn alongside of the ship, and felt that I should be saved, the rope slipped through my hands, and I fell back again into the sea, which threatened to devour me.

"When I came to the top of the water again, I heard the officer shout, '*Make the rope fast under your arms, and we will save you!*'

"Again I caught the rope, and did as I was told to do. I made fast to that rope, and then I was drawn on board, more like a man dead than alive!

"How many times since have I thought on that terrible night to me, when I was in the sea, and nothing but a rope between me and the eternal world! Yet that rope held me to life, and what folly it would have been in me to reject that offered help, because it was not a lifeboat launched for my special benefit!

"No, my friends, it is not wise to neglect your present offers of mercy, because you have not all the light and experience of the older Christians.

"If you haven't a life-boat, take the rope which is thrown to you to-night, and make yourself fast to it, with a good square knot, one that cannot be easily unloosed, and there is strength enough in Christ to draw your soul out of the horrible pit, and out of the miry clay, and give you a firm foundation to stand upon, even the Rock of Ages.

"My anchor does not drag, it holds me fast to the Eternal Throne; no matter how high the winds may blow, or the storm may rage, my Captain sits with the helm of the universe in his hand, and I am sure He will bring me safe to the promised land.

"I have sailed round the Horn several times since that terrible night, but not with that fear of Death and the judgment of the Great Day which I then and there experienced. Now, if it is the Master's will to call me, I had as soon go overboard off Cape Horn in a storm, as from any other place, for my peace is made with God, and he is my friend. If any one here has not a good hope, your anchor will surely drag when you drift on to the lee-shore of life, and your bark be dashed upon the rocks of despair!

"Let reason govern you long enough to settle this question, and when once settled, I am sure you will not carelessly turn back again to the surging billows of ungodliness!"

How much of practical common-sense is contained in this simple item of experience as set forth by this converted seaman!

His salvation from a grave in the ocean depended upon his taking hold of that rope thrown within his reach by the hand of his fellow seaman, and then he was saved only as he made himself fast to that rope!

How many, alas, fail to secure a good hope through grace, for the reason that they do not avail themselves of the means already within their reach! Others fail to make a good impression upon the minds of their fellow-men, because they hold themselves so slightly attached to Christ, and his cause, stumbling over the slightest difficulty in the way of duty, and proving themselves to be the

greatest stumbling stones in the way of others! Reader, have you a good hope through grace, a hope which will hold you to the throne of God, when the storm of death shall toss you on the shore of Eternity? If not, imitate the wisdom of the German sailor, and cast away your sins, and make yourself fast to the Cross of Christ in a covenant never to be broken.

AMICUS.

Bread Cast Upon the Waters.

Is not this to waste our bread? No. It is too precious to throw away; and God's word never encourages waste. The command to cast our bread on the waters was given to secure its increase. The direction refers to their mode of sowing in the East. The dry plains being flooded with water, the seed is cast upon it; and, as the floods subside, it sinks into the moist bed, which insures its growth. In the Indian Ocean, about twelve hundred miles to the north-east of the Mauritius, there are a number of beautiful coral islands, which form what is called the Chagos Archipelago. They are difficult to approach, on account of dangerous reefs which surround them. The principal groups are named respectively the Peros, Baulios, Salomon Islands, and the Six Islands. They produce cocoanuts in large numbers, and some of them large timber.

The Bishop of Mauritius, of whose diocese these islands form a part, visited them in June, 1859, with the object of seeing what could be done for the spiritual good of the people. On many of them no minister of God's word had ever been before; and, as he went from one island to another, asking, "Is there any one here who knows the right way to heaven?" he rejoiced to find, that, while there was much ignorance, there were yet many who remembered the Christian instruction they received in Mauritius and elsewhere,—a fulfilment of the promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

"The Lynx," the vessel on which he sailed, was anchored off Salomon

Islands; when, one evening, he was pacing the deck, thinking over the subject of his purposed address to the sailors next day, when a boat came alongside from Isle Fouquet. There were five men on board; and as he looked at their dark faces, remembering that probably this would be his only opportunity for speaking to them, he longed to say something which might be for their good, and prayed to be guided to some passage of Scripture which would most simply and plainly convey the instruction they needed. The parable of the lost sheep occurred to him; and he told it to them, simply as to children, in the way of question and answer. Every part required explanation. The first difficulty arose from the fact that none of them knew what *brebris*, "sheep," meant; for there were no sheep on the island, and most of them had never seen one. On endeavoring to explain, it was found that one man, who had been in Mauritius, had seen a sheep, and knew it under the name *mouton*. This being settled, the next thing was to describe the duties of a shepherd. One part they could easily understand,—the numbering of the sheep at night; for their own daily toil consisted in gathering the cocoanuts, which had to be counted every night when they were given to the superintendent.—*Missionary Visitor*.

I Am With You Always.

(By the author of "*How to Enter into Rest*.")

It is Christ the Lord who speaks to us, and says, as he said to his disciples so long ago: "I am with you always." Doubtless it was not spoken for them alone, but for our sakes also.

As he spoke his disciples were standing around him, and it might have seemed strange to them, and hard to believe it, when he was received up out of their sight; but do you think they doubted? I fancy they must have known Jesus too well by that time to distrust or doubt him again; indeed, we know they did not, for the first thing they did, when

they no longer saw him with their outward eyes, was to worship him; "and they worshiped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy."

"Great joy?" Could it be so when they had just seen their Lord and Master taken right away from them? Nevermore would they see him on earth, till he should come with clouds and great glory, to fetch his whole Church home; and yet they were full of "great joy."

Ah, it was that they knew even then what it meant "to walk by faith," and "to live by faith." His word was enough; they trusted it, and acted on it.

Each one could have confidently affirmed that he had actually seen Jesus depart; even the angels had come and told them so; and though he would return again, what could make up to them for all the time he was away? Just this: "I am with you alway." They saw him leave them, and when he was quite out of sight, they began to talk to him just as they had done when he stood beside them but a few minutes before. Then, full of great joy in the realization of this simple yet mysterious union, they returned to Jerusalem—to obey him, lean on him, live with him, as much as before: even more, for the Holy Ghost should also come and abide with them, not, as it has been so beautifully put, "to supply his place when absent, but to make him present in a nearer and more blessed way."

So, you see, Jesus never left them and that was why they were in "great joy." Jesus never leaves any Christian: not one. Then how is it that every Christian is not likewise full of great joy? Because they do not believe, or only partially believe, what the Lord has written. They begin to look for external evidence. "If Jesus were with me, I could not be as I am. I could not be doubting, dark, giving way to temptation, ashamed of acknowledging and serving my Saviour. I should be full of love, joy, peace, good works: all this is far from me. How dare I say he is with me, when my life and talk deny it?" Yes, it may be so, and

yet all you say, or feel, or think, can never alter this one fact: Jesus *is* with you. Wherever you are—if you have given yourself to him, and he has washed you in his blood, and forgiven your sins; if you are one of these, you are also one of those to whom he says: “I am with you always.”

If you deny that, it is like denying God's word. Rest assured it is true, but look elsewhere for the trouble.—*Christian (London).*

The Little Emigrant.

Every body who has traveled much in Ireland is well acquainted with those peculiar conveyances known as “long cars,” on which the passengers sit sideways and back to back. Though they are not made for appearance, they are very useful, and can carry a great many persons.

It was a hot day, toward the close of July, when I was seated in the hind seat of one of these cars, traveling through the beautiful scenery of the north-west of Ireland. Having but a light freight and an energetic driver, our four gray horses hurried along at a good speed, almost smothering us with dust.

We had not gone far on our drive, which was over thirty miles, before I began to take some notice of my fellow-travellers, and to wonder who among them, if any, were my fellow-travellers to heaven.

On looking round, I saw a boy sitting on the opposite side of the car. A big tear stood in his eye; so leaning over to him, I asked if he were going far.

“Yessir; I'm going to New-York.”

“Are you leaving behind any that you love?” I inquired.

“Yes sir; I'm leaving my poor mother and three sisters in Mullaghmore. And mother's a widow, sir; I'm her only son; and she does take it to heart so, *my* going away. Still she says, ‘Tom, it 'll be for the best by and by.’”

One tear after another ran down the little emigrant's cheek; and, put-

ting my arm round his neck, I told him how I had just come from America a few weeks ago, and wondered he should go all alone to that great city in a strange country, and he so young.

“Oh! but, sir,” interrupted the boy, “I've got two sisters across the water, and they'll meet me when the ship gets in to New-York.”

“How do you know that they will meet you?”

“Oh! because they wrote to me to go; and they sent six pounds for my passage-money; and in their letter they said how they'd meet me at the landing-stage.”

“And are you *sure* that they will meet you?”

“Yes, sir; and why wouldn't they, when they said they would? Sure you don't mean to think they'd break their promise?”

“Now, tell me, my boy, why don't you think they would deceive you?”

“Oh! 'cause I know they love me; they really want to have me with them; and in order that I might be, they paid my journey in the Europa, that sails from Londonderry to-morrow.”

“That is just the very same reason why we can trust God,” said I; “because He loves us so much that He paid the passage-money to take us to heaven. What your sisters in New-York paid was only six pounds, but it cost God the dearest object He had in heaven. He gave His own Son to die for us, in order that the way to heaven might be opened for us to go there free. And God really wants to have such sinners as us with Himself, to be happy forever. We cannot be happy unless our sins are put away; and God could not take us to heaven unless they were; so this is just the very reason why Christ died. You cannot see your sisters—they live more than three thousand miles away—but you got a letter, and you know that this letter was from them, and so you act on it. Is not that it?”

“Sure, your honor, that's now just how it all happened.”

“Just so we must believe what God has written to us about how He

has paid the tremendous price for our redemption. He paid it all himself; and He loves us too much to deceive us; and He is too wise to make any mistakes; so we may be sure that what He paid was quite enough, and what He says is perfectly true. We may rest satisfied in knowing

'This Friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh! how He loves.'

You will not have to pay a second time your passage-money, because your sisters have paid that fully; and we do not, nor can we, pay what Christ has paid to take us to heaven. You see, Tom, it is possible that your sisters might be prevented from meeting you through sickness, or some other cause, and then they would not be able to keep their promise; but our great Friend who made the promise, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,' is able to perform; because, besides His love being boundless, His power is unlimited. If we trust Him now, as you trust your sisters, then when we die we know we shall have a Friend to meet and welcome us across in the other world, where all things are made new by the glory of His presence. Just think how nice that will be, to see this Friend who has loved us and done so much for us. No friend ever loved you as much as He does. He loves you better than mother, and more than sisters. He gave His life to save us, and the death of nobody else could do for us what His dying did: for He was the Son of God; and now He saves from hell all who put their trust in Him."

The boy's face brightened up, and he pulled out his little bundle, containing a tin plate, a knife and fork, and, mug together with such other necessaries as emigrants generally carry. These were neatly tied up in a clean, white cloth, out of which he took two slices of bread; one slice he handed me, the other he began eating himself.

"Ah! I know who put that up for you," said I.

"Yes, sir; mother thought I'd want it on the way; she said, 'May

be, Tom, you'll feel hungry on the journey.'"

It is sad to think how often we doubt what God says, when we so easily believe the word of earthly friends. We should be ashamed to question what *they* say, yet God speaks as plainly, and people unblushingly discredit *His* word; and some go so far as to protest even that doubting is humility.

"Faith is not what we see or feel:

It is a simple trust

In what the God of love has said
Of Jesus, as the Just."

God says, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John 3: 36.)

Here are two distinct statements made by God about him that believeth, and him that believeth not.—They are both certain and sure; yet men think one too good to be true, and the other too awful to be carried into effect; while he who receives the word in the simplicity of faith honors God by setting to his seal that God is true.—*British Evangelist*.

Lay Hold.

A vessel is wrecked; one after another of her crew is swept away and disappears. As she heaves to and fro, it seems as if every moment she would break up, and send her shivering passengers down into the deep. There is the cabin-boy, thinking of his mother, and praying, though scarcely hoping to be saved, when a plank floats past. Eagerly he lays hold of it, rests his whole weight upon it, and while others perish he is safe. As you are just about to go down, the plank floats along, comes near you—within reach—within arm's length. That plank is Christ. Lay hold of Him—rest yourself upon Him. He can bear your whole weight—the whole weight of your sins, which would have sunk you to perdition—the whole weight of your soul. Try him, and, like a sailor who tried Him, you'll be able to say, even in dying: "The plank bears!"

An Abundant Entrance.

BY FRANCES LEE.

A fearful gale was blowing from westward up the English Channel, directly into the unsheltered port of Havre, and hundreds of people had come down on the long pier to watch the ships come in.

Havre harbor is made by two stone piers stretching out, one a mile and the other something less, westward into the sea. Along the shore outside these piers are shoals and sand-bars; and inside, between them, close to the city, is the excavated harbor, with its fine granite quays and storehouses and shipping.

Upon these long piers, swarm always at "tidetime," vagrant old beggars, who are ready to lend a hand in seizing the ropes and towing the coming vessels along up the piers and into the harbor, thus to earn a few sous now and then.

But on this day all the world had come down and stood looking seaward, in spite of the wind, that threatened to blow them off their feet, and of the spray that in the fury of the storm broke quite over the pier. Such of the Havre-bound ships as were well to windward were in no great danger, but came bowling on before the gale with their storm-sails set like great white gulls. Now came a French merchantman, now a New York packet-ship, and now a full-rigged man-of-war, all bearing on and bounding over the waves as though full of free, sentient life. One by one they came down, skillfully guided by pilot and helmsman. As they neared the port they reduced even their little canvas, and riding gracefully on the top of the huge billows, swept in by the pier-head, and then into the smooth and safe waters of the inner harbor. One might go the world over, and live a lifetime, and never see a fairer sight.

But presently, away to leeward, almost among the sand-banks, came a poor, crippled collier, most of her sails torn to shreds, and her masts bending under the force of the gale. Once upon a sand-bank, and her day was over; so she fought gallantly for her life.

"She can't weather the shoals! She can never fetch the pier-head," cried the men, turning their eyes from the well-equipped windward vessels to this forlorn craft, struggling at such odds with the winds and the waves.

Now she seemed to be making a little progress; and then the great brute forces of Nature bore her way and away again, till she trembled and panted, breathless and baffled, like a living thing hunted and brought to bay.

Now, in her efforts to gain the harbor she seemed blown down into the very edge of the breakers. Then, by skillful evolutions her course was changed; or, as the sailors say, she "wore ship" and stood off. But again the wind sent her back, and again she neared the breakers, and had to tack once more. By and by the turn of the tide began to help the desperate will of the sailors. Then slowly she drew along toward the port; and as she approached the most dangerous point of the shoals the eyes of every looker-on followed each motion eagerly. One moment she seemed whelmed in the breakers, but the next she had passed the point; slowly her head was turned away before the wind, and nearer and nearer she pressed toward the pier-head. When she reached it, both men and ship seemed exhausted. But ropes were thrown from the pier and were secured by the sailors, and then, as five hundred pairs of hands seized them and drew the poor tempest-worn vessel into the harbor, five hundred voices shouted a welcome.

"There was more rejoicing over the poor collier than over all the others," said the Captain. And just so I expect it will be when we come to reach heaven.

One may get there ever so hardly, he may be overthrown and scarred and stained, but if he perseveres to the end he will find the waiting multitude ready with outstretched hands and songs of victory. For so an entrance shall be ministered abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

OUR WORK.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

Labrador.

REV. THOMAS ROBINSON, Missionary, writes, June 5th, from Salmon Bay:

"My arrival was unexpected by the settlers, but none the less gladly welcomed. As soon as possible my duties of teaching and preaching were begun. In March I started on a missionary tour among the people settled further to the eastward. Two new members, by the blessing of God, were added to the little church on New Year's day, and another individual, to my mind, is hopefully converted. All these, however, were deeply impressed before the Rev. S. R. Butler left the coast."

He speaks of the desire on the part of the people at Salmon Bay, that the work there be sustained, and says that all those upon the coast wherever he has gone, desire it also. The people of Red Bay have sent a petition through Mr. B. to Canada and to the United States for a pastor. He writes of people at Blances Gablons on Jersey Island, as sadly neglected, and purposes to expend some labor, personally, upon them this coming season. They speak both English and French, but read only the French language.

Denmark.

COPENHAGEN.

REV. P. E. RYDING, in his report for April, May and June, 1871, writes, as follows:

"In April, I have labored in Copenhagen, and on Amager mostly among the sailors on board the vessels. In June, I traveled in Helland

and Fijen, and spread tracts on the railroads and in the houses where I visited. The 11th I preached twice in a town called Eskildshup, in the northwestern part of Helland. The gathering of the people was so great that the house could not contain all those that came to hear the Word, and many had to remain outside. The 15th I had appointed a meeting in Kirke Walso, and when I came to the place it was so filled with people, that I could hardly get into the house. After preaching, the people still remained, as if they were still hungry. On the 24th, I went to Slagelsie, a large town west of Copenhagen. Sunday morning I preached, and the Holy Spirit carried the Word to the hearts of the people, and many tears gave witness that God was present. I have in the last quarter preached 18 times, visited 747 ships and 26 houses; traveled 396 English miles, distributed 18 Bibles, 68 Testaments, 128 books, and 3,300 tracts.

ODENSE.

MR. F. L. RYMKER reports for the quarter ending June 30th, that he has traveled during that time 382 miles, made 483 religious visits, of which 160 were to ships or to seamen's houses, held 59 meetings, sold 58 Bibles, 78 Testaments, and 27 books, and distributed 14,300 pages of tracts. He has also performed, during this time, considerable manual labor. In his Sunday-school he uses the "National Series" from the United States. He gives a deeply interesting narrative of the conversion of a boy in this field of his exertions. Each Sunday, after the close of

school in the afternoon, he has a meeting in a private house where is a sick man who has been confined to his bed for a year and a half. Altogether, the impression derived from his report is that of continuous and diligent labor by this venerable Christian, which may well incite younger Christian laborers wherever his example is known, to renewed activity in the LORD's service.

Sweden.

HELSENBERG.

REV. N. P. WAHLSTEDT reports for the quarter ending June 30, 1871, his own preaching of 40 sermons, the personal visitation of 26 families, and of numerous vessels in Helsenberg and Landsrona, and the distribution of many hundred tracts in Swedish, Danish, German and English. His testimony is kindred to that of all other Swedish missionaries. Evidently they experience their full share of contact with the marked religious movement in Sweden. Bro. Wahlstedt has labored during these three months at Helsenberg, Landsrona, Rea, Ormastop, Stockholm, etc. He states that at Stockholm, the Lutherans contemplate the beginning of a mission among sailors, in which they will labor quite by themselves. So clear is his persuasion of the importance of Stockholm as a place for effort in behalf of sailors, that he does not hesitate to say *ten* sailor missionaries are needed there rather than one. In June, he visited and preached at various fishing places great and small, besides being present at a large religious and missionary meeting at Copenhagen, in Denmark. "In the great harbor of Copenhagen are hundreds of vessels coming and

going, and many thousands of sailors of all nations." Need exists there for more labor among seamen. Bro. W., who is able now to devote but one-half his time to the work earnestly desires to be employed in it constantly.

WARBURG AND WEDIGE.

CHRISTIAN CARLSON, Missionary, during April, May and June, 1871, preached 54 sermons, held 18 prayer-meetings, and visited and conversed with many anxious for the salvation of Christ, and with the sick. He reports a continued work of grace among the people on the seaboard; "The Spirit of God is present among us, many sinners are weeping for their sins, and those formerly converted have been strengthened in their faith. Many doors have been opened for the Word, and the people cry 'Come to us.' Crowds of believing souls are around me, and with bright shining faces, praise the Lord who sends his servants with the glad message of the salvation of sinners. You, my dear brethren, in America, have cause to offer thanks to God, who has given his love in your hearts, and granted to you to send the Gospel among our Swedish people."

CHRISTIANSTADT.

E. ERIKSSON, Missionary, reports 81 sermons preached, and 102 Swedish miles traveled, during April, May and June, 1871, as part of his labors. He gives account of the same interest in religious things, spoken of by Mr. Carlson. In the country near Salvesburg he preached in a Mission House to hundreds of hearers, where God's Word showed its power even over hearts which had before resisted the building of the house, but now were led to offer

money willingly for it. At Malmo, where he distributed tracts on the vessels, some of the sailors were inquiring after Christ, and listened gladly to all he had to say. In and about Swaland the same hopeful indications were met with.

GOTHLAND, BUTTLE AND WISBY.

JOHN LINDELIUS, Missionary, reporting for April, May and June, speaks of his great physical weakness, which has prevented such labor as he would gladly have put forth, yet he has been allowed to mingle to some extent with fishermen and others in the towns and country. He has been able to preach occasionally, and to lead in other religious services. Twenty-five vessels were visited by him during the quarter, and tracts and books distributed to 200 persons. 93 houses were visited, and 139 persons conversed with upon religion.

St. John's, N. B.

REV. JAMES SPENCER, Chaplain, reports for the last six months, the arrival at that port of one hundred and five American ships, with crews numbering thirteen hundred and nine men. He has preached in that time sixty sermons, made sixty-five pastoral visits, and on a hundred and thirty vessels has distributed fourteen thousand pages of tracts.

Valparaiso, S. A.

DR. TRUMBULL, in a recent letter, speaks of the industry and zeal of Mr. Muller who, in a single month, made eighty-eight visits to ships and hospitals.

In a postscript, Dr. Trumbull says: "I have just returned from attending the funeral of Capt. William

Wood, of Nantucket. He died in the *Hospital de la Caridad*, of paralysis. A number of solid, well-appearing men, mostly from New England, were present at the last rites."

Talcahuano, S. A.

We learn that the whalers have come in of late; but regret to know that the chaplain, Rev. Dr. Swaney, has not been at all well.

Pitcairn's and Norfolk Islands.

DR. DAMON writes as follows:—"I am glad to meet Mr. Nobbs, a son of the Rev. Mr. Nobbs, pastor of Norfolk Island. He is directly from that part of the world, and has furnished me with much interesting information respecting the descendants of the "old Pitcairners," now living on both Pitcairn's and Norfolk Islands. On Pitcairn's there are 60 inhabitants, and among them Betsey Young, a daughter of John Adams, the venerable old patriarch, under whose instruction the Pitcairners were really trained in the fear and nurture of God.

On Norfolk Island there are 225 inhabitants; hence the total number is about 385, now living, who have descended from the Pitcairners of the *Bounty*. They are under the Colonial Government of New South Wales, but are allowed to govern themselves much after their own views. The Rev. Mr. Nobbs still continues in his old age to officiate as pastor and physician. He is truly a patriarch among them, having 10 living children, and about 50 grandchildren. Of the second generation of "old Pitcairners," there are now living on Norfolk Island, Arthur Quintal, George Adams, and Rachel

Evans—the latter a daughter of John Adams, above alluded to.

Bishop Patterson, the English missionary Bishop of Melanesia, is also living upon Norfolk Island. He received the grant of 1000 acres of land for a mission school. He has established a school, which now contains 140 pupils, gathered from New Hebrides, Solomon and Banks' Islands. Once every year he visits those islands, taking teachers who have been educated in his school. The missionary vessel *Southern Cross* is under his direction. The present prospects of the mission are quite prosperous.

From all I can learn, Norfolk Island is a beautiful spot—a gem of the South Seas. It is about 21 miles in circumference, and admirably diversified with wood-land and cultivated fields, being well watered and advantageously situated for the supply of whale-ships cruising in that part of the ocean.

Since writing the above, we have found the following correspondence relating to Pitcairn's Island, published in the *Alta* of San Francisco. A ship bound to England touches there, and the master communicates as follows :

EDINBURG, January, 1871.

Eds. Alta :—On my passage home from your port, I called at Pitcairn's Island, being nothing out of my way, but rather the means of shortening the passage by going due south when out of the trades, thereby passing quickly through the light winds. I found some 70 persons on the Island—a healthy and moral people, and obtained several hundred oranges and limes, by giving them a little medicine and clothing. The latter they stand much in need of, the women particularly being very short. Some charitably disposed persons coming that way with a stock of women's

and men's second-hand clothing, would confer an everlasting favor upon them. There are plenty of goats, wild pigs and water.

I am not bound to California this voyage, or I would certainly do all I could to bring things with me from here. Excuse this, and oblige me by inserting the matter.

Yours, etc., JOHN PURDY,
Master *Whittington*.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND, Oct. 6, 1870.

Mr. Editor :—As many ships pass this island on the route to and from San Francisco, but at too great a distance to board them in our canoes, it is our opinion that they do not know the island to be inhabited. There are no dangers of rocks or shoals, and if they come within a mile they would most always get a supply of fruit, etc. We number 60 or 70 persons, and we always like to show hospitality to strangers and to hear the news. This is the third day we have seen ships pass, and this day one is standing in by which we send this. The landing is on the north side of the island.

If, dear sir, you would have the kindness to give this a place in your valuable paper, you would greatly oblige your humble servants,

THE COMMUNITY ON
PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

Hilo, S. I.

DR. DAMON, in writing from Honolulu, speaks very highly of the labors among seamen of Rev. Frank Thompson, of Hilo, and adds, "would that more seamen might be converted and turn out as well."

Barrington, Cape Verde Island, N. S.

We have lately had an application from this far off place, for reading matter to be used among seamen, and have responded by sending a large package, which we trust, will do good. The application came from a sea-captain, who is greatly interested in our work.

Genoa, Italy.

Effort is being made to establish a Harbor Mission at this port. The city of Genoa, though the seventh in population among Italian cities, is, with one exception, the principal port of the Mediterranean. Here are the headquarters of numerous steamship companies, which carry on a coasting trade, and also regular steamship lines between Genoa, Egypt, India and South America, and eighteen shipyards, while over 6,000 ships of all nations annually enter the harbor. Emigration goes on, the year round, to South America. Various experiments have been made in evangelistic labor among these sailors. Tracts and Bibles have been sold, the seamen showing great preference for the latter. A Protestant hospital has been provided for English-speaking seamen, four hundred British and fifty American ships touching there each year, with an aggregate amount of 7,000 men, of whom, from 100 to 250, invalided or discharged, sojourn for a time in Genoa. In connection with it, visits are paid to all the British and American vessels, and tracts, cards, etc., are distributed, giving notice of divine service on shore; special services for seamen are held on shipboard, with a varying attendance of from 10 to 50 sailors. Great need is felt, however, of a Bethel, where regular and accessible services may be maintained. A small hulk has lately been bought and fitted up as such; a pious young Frenchman, admirably qualified for the work, secured to have charge of it, and appeal is now made for help in carrying it on. The annual outlay will be about \$500, and \$1,200 are needed to pay for the Bethel.

Cuba.

HAVANA.

MR. KONRAD SCHELLING writes, under date July 18: "I make it my business to go in and out among the sailors in this port without distinction of nationalities. The Spanish do not get their proportion of visits, because I am not yet master of their language. My meetings (five or six per week) have been divided between English and Americans, Scandinavians and Germans. Every Lord's Day, at 3 o'clock, P. M., a meeting for the former is arranged on board the most convenient ship, and at ten o'clock in the morning for the others. These meetings are quite well attended. In various ways the captains and sailors have made it plain that they are glad and thankful for any efforts among them, and the Lord himself has been pleased to show his favor, by saving several precious souls, one of whom, a young talented German, is going over to Spain to begin Christian work there." MR. SCHELLING acknowledges supplies recently sent him, and feels encouraged to give himself exclusively to evangelical labors among seamen.

 San Francisco, Cal.

REV. J. ROWELL, CHAPLAIN.

In presenting my report, I have to speak of a smaller average attendance upon our meetings than at some times previously. There have been in the city, for some months past, an unusual number of religious meetings of various kinds, maintained by distinguished individuals, and companies of men, from the eastern States, such as always attract the floating population; and, as our congregations are largely composed of this class, we are the first to suffer by the presence of such attractions.

Still, we have had much to encourage us, and many incidents have occurred of a very interesting character. One of these was that of a young man of unusual intelligence, who told me that he was awakened to a sense of his sinfulness, in one of our meetings, eight months ago, and had carried a troubled heart ever since. At sea, and in foreign ports, he had labored hard to become an accepted child of God, but all in vain, and now he was in despair. He believed God would pardon and save him, provided he kept his commandments; but this condition he had tried in vain to fulfill. Indeed, the more he struggled to avoid sin, the easier he found himself overcome by it, and he now almost renounced the hope of ever finding God's mercy. It needed but little instruction to show him that he was putting his own righteousness in the place of Christ's, and so shutting himself out from pardon and peace; and as soon as he saw his error, he renounced it. Soon after this, and just before leaving the city, he applied for admission to the church, and with delightful clearness and confidence, gave us the grounds of his hope, as some old and well-grounded christian might have done.

And let me speak of another of these cases. One Sabbath evening, I received a written request to visit a woman, supposed to be dying. So, after the close of my fourth service for that day, between nine and ten o'clock at night, I visited the place, in the rear of a liquor saloon, and found a young woman—the mother of one of our Sabbath-scholars—suffering from injuries received at the hands of her husband. But, much more than her bodily pains, was her mental distress for her sins. Yet, when she was told of the free grace of God, through the merits of the crucified Saviour, it seemed as if she had never heard the story before, so eagerly did she clutch at it. She embraced the offer of salvation at once, and found immediate peace of mind. I visited her the next day, and found her in a very happy frame of

mind, and so much better in body that she was confident of recovery. She repeatedly assured me that she should be in church the following Sabbath. The week passed away, and on the next Sabbath morning, just as I was starting for church, a message came, asking me to attend her funeral immediately. She went to church that day, as she had predicted—not with us, but in the great temple above.

An English officer, lying crippled in the marine hospital, asked me, with great anxiety of manner, if God could have mercy on so great a sinner as he; and received, with tears of joy, the assurance that God was ready to save all who would come to him, and he would forgive all their sins. Then, he told me of his afflictions. He had been doing a prosperous business in China; but, through repeated sickness, fracture of limbs, etc., he had lost all his property, and suffered extremely in body for many months. In addition to all, he had suffered great distress of mind, on account of his wife and children, now suffering through poverty, at home, in England. And then he added: "I have had many hard thoughts of God, because of my afflictions, and have bitterly cursed my bad luck; but, now, I understand why God has afflicted me so much—it is just his great mercy to me, because he would save my soul. But for these distresses, I might never have found salvation."

Such cases as these give me great comfort in time of weariness and anxiety, about the condition and pecuniary prospects of our work."

Norfolk, Va.

CHAPLAIN CRANE reports for July, that the Bethel Sunday School has been remarkably full for the warm season, having considerably increased since the last Exhibition. It is beginning to attract notice in the city. The adult Bible class, *formed anew each Sabbath, of young men,*

mostly sailors, who happen in as visitors, has become quite an interesting feature of the school. It is taught by a gentleman, who is the Superintendent of St. Paul's Epis. Ch. S. S., and who seems much interested in the work. He is also one of the managers of the Norfolk Seamen's Friend Society.

During the month, Mr. Crane has visited 148 vessels, and distributed in his work 2,470 pages of tracts, 285 copies of the Seamen's Friend, and Life-Boat, etc., and 9 Bibles and Testaments. He also placed Library No. 1,405 on the *Roanoke*, plying between Norfolk and Philadelphia.

Wilmington, N. C.

CHAPLAIN WEBB says, "There has been of late a considerable increase of shipping in this port, more foreign vessels than at any time during the past five years." An increase also, of sick in the hospital, gives him plenty of work there, but he has had special encouragement in the attendance upon his Bethel services, and cordial reception on shipboard.

Charleston, S. C.

CHAPLAIN YATES says, that "The attendance at the Bethel is better than we could expect during the heat of the summer. I have but one service on the Sabbath. There is very little shipping in port."

Savannah, Ga.

CHAPLAIN WEBB reports for July, having preached seventeen sermons, visited thirty-seven vessels, and frequently at the hospital, and distributed nearly three thousand pages of tracts, etc. There have been but few

vessels in port, yet the attendance on his Bethel service has been very good.

Pensacola, Fla.

CHAPLAIN CARTER writes that there have been more vessels in port than any previous year at this season. He finds that he has enough work to do, and is greatly encouraged by the attention given him by the seamen to whom he preaches. There seems to be some probability that the U. S. Naval Station will be removed from Key West to Pensacola. In this event, the Chaplain's sphere of labor will be very much enlarged.

New Orleans, La.

CHAPLAIN PEASE, under date of July 24th, says: "Daily attendance at the Reading Room, and at the Bethel meetings is far beyond what it was last year at this time. Several persons requested prayer last night."

Mr. G. J. PARKER has been engaged as an assistant to the Chaplain until the close of the year.

Buffalo, N. Y.

REV. P. G. COOKE, Chaplain, reports that in July he and his assistants made 1,129 visits, and calls upon seamen in vessels, boats and galeons, boarding-houses, barns and stables. 3,200 papers and pamphlets were distributed in these visits, (including the distribution at Wells St. Sunday-School; and 85 Bibles and Testaments were supplied to vessels, boats and individuals. 6,749 persons were thus reached; 2,402 were reached by the chapel services, including Sunday-school, preaching and prayer-meetings. The Temperance meetings during the month have also reached

400 persons; and in other ways 2,000 more have come under influence, making a total of 11,555 persons to whom Mr. Cooke's agency has come. Without this labor, no one of them would probably have been reached at all, for no other instrumentality seeks to benefit them. Their treatment of those engaged in the work has been uniformly kind.

In this report Mr. Cooke speaks of many shipowners, as follows: "How much more anxious their employers often seem to be, to get gain from these men than to impart any spiritual good to them! I cannot help wondering how these employers, many of whom are professors of religion, can be so indifferent to the spiritual interests of those who are laboring so hard and faithfully for their advantage in temporal things. How can these good men feel at ease and enjoy their sumptuous church accommodations and privileges on the Sabbath, while they not only consent, but some of them require, that their employees shall have no Sabbath—would not be satisfied to have them "tie up," or rest from their labors along the wharves, on the Sabbath! What will these 'lovers of the wages of unrighteousness' have to say when their Lord shall call them to give account of their stewardship?" He gives an encouraging report of raising funds for the Society's work, through the city; also of furnishing the *India*, a new steamer on the Duluth line, with Bibles for her cabins and for the crew. He then continues:

"While engaged in visiting vessels along the wharves, a canal boat captain accosted me somewhat thus: 'Distributing papers and tracts among us poor fellows—boatmen—

are you? Well there is need enough for such things—we are rather a hard set of men. Most of us think there is very little hope of any good from anything you can do for us. We have no Sabbath, and little or no opportunity to give attention to religious matters, even if we had the disposition, which, for the most part, we have not. * * * This is the way I used to feel and talk. But I have lately changed my views and practice. Last year I run my boat on the Sabbath, and thought I must do so to keep up with other boats and do a fair amount of business. But I did not prosper. My horses were poor, and several died from overwork, and matters went wrong with me generally. At the end of the season I was worse off than at the beginning. After thinking the matter over, seriously, during the winter, I came to the conclusion to change my practice respecting the Sabbath—resolved to "tie up" and give myself and hands and horses a day of rest wherever the Sabbath happened to find us. And I can truly say, that I was never happier or more prosperous in business than during this season thus far. My horses are all fat and healthy, my hands good-natured and faithful, and loads at good paying rates have been ready for me as fast as I could take them. In several instances good jobs have come to hand in direct connection with my having rested upon the Sabbath.' "

Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry St.

MR. ALEXANDER reports one hundred and seventy-two arrivals during the month of July. These deposited with him \$4,448, of which \$2,690 were sent to relatives, and

\$275 placed in the Savings' Bank. During the same month 28 were shipped from the HOME without advance, and six were sent to the hospital.

Three interesting cases of conversion have recently occurred at the HOME, and the Saturday evening meetings are well sustained.

Colored Sailors' Home, 153 Thompson Street.

MR. POWELL reports fifty-four arrivals in July. These deposited with him \$1,425, of which \$400 were sent to relatives and friends.

Information Wanted

Respecting William Davison Bently, who was in Honolulu March 22d, 1859, and wrote home from that port, but has not since been heard from. His mother writes, "I did once hear that my son was in the *Speedwell*. He had blue eyes, light complexion, five feet four inches in height, and had an impediment in his speech." Any information will be gladly received by Mrs. Thrum, Honolulu, or Mrs. Sarah Bentley, 1726 Warnock street, Philadelphia.

Position of the Principal Planets for September, 1871.

MERCURY is an evening star until the 17th, after which a morning star; is in conjunction with the moon on the afternoon of the 14th, at 5h. 53m., being 9° 30' south; is in inferior conjunction with the sun on the afternoon of the 17th, at 1h. 19 m.

VENUS is also an evening star until the 25th; is in conjunction with the moon on the morning of the 15th at 10h. 29m., being 14° 27' south;

is in inferior conjunction with the sun on the morning of the 26th, at 6h. 13m.

MARS is an evening star during the month, setting on the 15th, at 8h. 30m., and 25° 49' south of west; is in conjunction with the moon on the morning of the 10th, at 1h. 12m., being 3° 54' south.

JUPITER is a morning star, rising on the 15th, about 46m. past midnight, and 28° 43' north of east; is in conjunction with the moon on the morning of the 10th, at 17m. past midnight, being 2° 6' south.

SATURN is an evening star; is stationary among the stars on the morning of the 7th, at 11h. 4m.; is in conjunction with the moon on the evening of the 21st, at 9h. 3m., being 1° 14' north; on the evening of the 24th it crosses the meridian at 6 o'clock; is in quadrature with the sun to the east on the evening of the 26th, at 10h. 46m.

N. Y. University.

R. H. B.

Total Disasters in July.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the past month, is 23, of which 11 were wrecked, 2 abandoned, 2 burnt, 3 sunk by collision, 4 foundered, and 1 is missing. They are classed as follows: 1 steamer, 2 ships, 4 barks, 5 brigs, and 11 schooners, and their total estimated value, exclusive of cargoes, is \$429,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports whence hailing, destinations, &c. Those indicated by *a* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *b* burned, *sc* sunk by collision, *c* capsized, *f* foundered, and *m* missing.

STEAMER.

City of Port au Prince, *w*, from New York, for Port au Prince.

SHIPS.

White Swallow, *a*, from Boston for Melbourne
Euterpe, *a*, from Callao for Falmouth, England.

BARKS.

B. U. M. S., *w*, (At Cerro Azul).
White Wing, *w*, (At Santa Anna).
Kyrre, *w*, from Philadelphia for Elsinore.
Xantho, *w*, (Whaler).

BRIGS.

T. W. Chesley, *w*, from Glace Bay, for Boston.
G. W. Morris, *w*, from Anguilla for New York.
Johannes, *m*, from New York for Antwerp.
Muscovado, *w*, from Demerara for Baltimore.
Eliza McNeil, *w*, from Boston for Sydney C. B.

SCHOONERS.

Charles, *f*, from Elizabethport for Taunton.
 Gen. John Cooper, *f*, for Providence.
 W. S. Hilles, *b*, (At Riga).
 Charles F. Beebe, *sc*, from Seal Island for New York.
 O. C. Acken, *sc*, from Westport for New York.
 Ann S. Salter, *f*, from Philadelphia for New Bedford.
 Jenny, *b*, from New York for Hull, E.
 John Rowlett, *sc*, from Norfolk for Philadelphia.
 S. Hotchkiss, *f*, from Philadelphia for Boston.
 Isaac Hinckley, *w*, from James River for New York.
 Flying Dart, *w*, from San Francisco.

Receipts for July, 1871,

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Concord, Estate of Mrs. Anna G. Merrill, by L. D. Stevens and Calvin Howe, Executors, \$350 88
 Hampton, Cong. church add'l, 1 50
 Warren, " " 2 00

VERMONT.

Benson, Cong. Church, which with previous donation, const. Rev. Henry M. Holmes L. M., 18 50
 Orwell, Cong. church, 20 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover, West ch., Ladies Sea Fr'd Soc., \$15 for lib'y, and to const. Mrs. Mary J. Abbott and Mrs. Rebecca R. Goldsmith L. M's., 75 00
 Mrs. Joseph Bennett, 50 00
 Ashburnham, Cong. church, 25 15
 Beverly, Dane St. church, 106 01
 Billerica, Cong. church, 14 13
 Bap. church add'l, 50
 Centerville, Cong. church, 10 12
 Clinton, 1st Evang'l church, 28 89
 Dalton, Cong. church, of which Mrs. Lucinda Weston, for lib'y, \$15, 34 00
 Foxboro', Cong. church S. S., for lib'y, Girls' Fair, for lib'y, 20 00
 Miss Susan Payson, for lib'y, 15 00
 Friend, for lib'y, 15 00
 Groton, M. Spaulding, for lib'y, 15 00
 Lenox, Cong. church, 22 00
 Leominster, F. A. Whitney's S. S. class, for lib'y, 30 00
 Ludlow, Cong. Soc'y, 8 00
 Marshfield, 1st Cong. church, 23 33
 New Bedford, per Rev. J. O. Butler, for lib'y, 30 00
 Phillipston, Cong. church, for lib'y, \$15, 25 60
 Sheffield, S. S. Cong. church, for lib'y, 20 00
 Springfield, Olivet church S. S., to const. C. H. Bowers and M. Louisa Dunbar L. M's., 60 56
 Taunton, Winslow church, for lib'y, \$20 46 00
 Westford, Cong. church, a member, 50
 Wilmington, late Miss Charlotte Buck, 25 00
 Worcester, Central Cong. church, add'l 5 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Pawtucket, 1st Bapt. church, for lib'y, 20 00
 Providence, Friendship St. Bap. church, add'l, 9 61

CONNECTICUT.

Branford, Cong. church, 18 50
 Cheshire, Cong. church S. S. for lib'y, 20 00
 Essex, Cong. church, 16 25
 S. S. Cong. church, for lib'y, 40 00
 Friends of steamer *Sunshine*, for lib'y, 20 00
 Farmington, Cong. church, of which H. D. Hawley to const. Miss C. C. Buell L. M., \$30, 77 41

Greenwich, I. Lyon, 10 00
 Groton, Lucy H. Williams, 2 00
 Higganum, Mr. Selden Usher, 10 00
 Killingsworth, Cong. church, 12 10
 Middlefield, Rev. A. Winter, for L. M. in part, 10 00
 Middletown, 1st Cong. church add'l, 5 00
 New Britain, Centre Cong. church, 63 15
 New Haven, a Friend, for lib'y, 20 00
 New Milford, Ladies' Mite Soc., 10 00
 So. Windsor, Cong. church S. S., for lib'y, 20 00
 Talcottville, Cong. church, of which \$30 to const. Rev. G. A. Oviatt L. M., and S. S., \$10, 40 00
 Thomaston, Cong. church, add'l, 5 00
 Whitteville, Dea. O. W. Treadwell, \$5; Dr. O. F. Treadwell, \$2, 7 00
 Windsor, Cong. church, 18 20
 Woodbury, R. J. Allen, to const. himself L. M., 30 00
 So. Cong. church, 19 81
 North Cong. church, 18 41

NEW YORK.

Alden, Pres. Church S. S., 26 38
 Amboy, Pres. church, 11 32
 Astoria, E. J. Woolsey, 100 00
 Brooklyn, Ref. church on Heights, ad'l, Church of the Pilgrims, of which R. P. Buck, \$100; J. C. Barnes, \$50; A. Baxter, \$25; F. R. Fowler, \$25, 602 07
 Buffalo, Pratt & Co., 100 00
 Friend, 50
 Clinton, Pres. church S. S., 47 25
 Dunkirk, Bap. church, 6 08
 Fairport, S. S. Cong. church, for lib'y, Free Baptist church, 20 00
 Fayetteville, Pres. church, 6 13
 Flatlands, Ref. church, 4 00
 Ref. church S. S. for lib'y, 20 49
 Flatlands-Neck, Ref. church S. S., for lib'y, 20 00
 Lansingburgh, H. Parmlee, for lib'y, 27 50
 Livonia, Pres. church, to const. Rev. Wm. Milhani L. M., 20 00
 Morrisville, M. E. church, 30 80
 Cong. church, 5 92
 Bap. church, 8 32
 Newport, Bap. church, 5 51
 New York City, Capt. J. H. Parker, bark *Hattie M.*, 20 79
 University Place Pres. church, 1 00
 14th Street Pres. church, 132 97
 Capt. J. Blowers, ship *Emerald Isle*, R. Warren Weston, to const. himself L. D., 181 07
 J. C. Bogert, 5 00
 J. F. Trow, 7 00
 Sheridan, M. E. church, 8 35
 St. Johnsville, M. E. church, 6 78
 Ref. church, lib'y, 20 00
 Sweden, Pres. church S. S., for lib'y, S. S. (Stone church), 20 32
 Warner's Station, M. E. church, 3 94
 Williamsburgh, 1st Pres. ch., S. S. for lib'y, 4 00
 20 00

NEW JERSEY.

Jersey City, Judge Randolph, 10 00
 Lafayette, Ref. church, add'l, 8 00
 Madison, Children's Miss. Soc., Pres. church, for lib'y, 20 00
 Newark 1st Pres. church, of which \$30 to const. C. S. Osborne L. M., 187 29
 2d Pres. church, 88 17
 Orange, 1st. Pres. church, 102 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Bloomsburgh, Mrs. Mary L. Neal, 5 00

\$3,759 96



September.] Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society. [1871.

ONE STEP MORE.

"Had I better get in and row across, I wonder? Nobody would ever know anything about it. And there the new boat lies, rocking on the river, and there are two oars in the bottom. It is only a mile down to the bridge, and I could row down there and back in a little while; and it would be such a splendid sail!"

Of course, nothing could happen to me; for grandpa said to mamma the other evening, when we went to the mill, "Why, Helen, Henry is a natural-born sailor. He can manage the boat as well as I."

"Oh, dear! I wish he had never seen that boat!" said mamma. "I expect it will be the death of him yet."

"Well, he did not inherit his natural taste from you, that is certain," laughed grandpa. "But women are always nervous about the water."

"And that is all. It is just mamma's nervousness; and I *know* nothing would happen to me, getting in there and having a little sail; and it would be so nice this afternoon; and the river looks, away up by the bridge, like a ribbon among the oaks and poplars."

"Nobody would ever know any thing about it, either; for, of course, I should get back safe; and I do not believe there would be any harm in it."

"But, then, there is my promise to mother; there's no getting around that; and it was the last thing she said to me before she left home on Thursday."

"She called me to the carriage, and bent over one side, and smoothed my hair, as she always does when she talks to me."

"Now, Harry, my boy," she said, "I want you to promise that you will not get inside of that boat until your father and I get home again."

"No, mamma, I will not, certainly," I answered; though I hated to bad enough, that's a fact.

"And I think it is quite too bad that such a big boy as I am can not have his own way in such things."

Oh, dear, dear! the longer I look, the more I want to go. It seems as if I must go.

"One step more, and I shall be in the boat. But there!—my promise to mamma!"

"And how shall I feel when she comes and looks in my face, and calls me her darling boy, and puts her arms around my neck, and kisses me over and over again?"

"She will not ask me whether I have been in the boat, because I promised her I would not; and I never told my mother a lie in my life, and will not now."

"Mamma came home last night. Such a hugging as I had!

"Has my Harry been a good boy," she said, "and not done a single thing his mother would have disapproved of?"

"No, I guess not, mamma," I said. But I was thinking about the boat, and did not speak very positively.

"Mamma held me away, and looked into my eyes.

"You guess not? Are you not quite certain, Harry?" she asked.

"Well, mamma, I have not done any thing; but I have thought about it."

"She drew her arms around me, and held me close to her.

"Tell me about it, Harry," she said.

"And then I did. I told her about my going to the river Saturday afternoon, and how near I came to getting into the boat and rowing down to the bridge, and what a terrible temptation it was; and how, in one step, I should have been in; but the memory of my promise to her, and the thought that God saw me, held me back when there was only one step betwixt me and the boat.

"And, when I had done, I found mamma's tears falling, just like rain-drops, in my hair.

"O my child, I thank God, I thank God!" she said.

"And I, too, thanked him then, from my heart, that I did not take that 'one step.'—*Young Pilgrim.*

Library Reports.

During the month of July, 33 libraries were sent to sea from the Society's rooms, 80 Wall St., thirteen new, and twenty refitted. The following are reported, viz:

No. 343.—"Books were read with good results;" gone to Charleston on schr. *J. Richardson.*

No. 1097.—"Books much read;" gone to Antigua, on schr. *J. W. Dodge.*

No. 1495.—Read with profit; gone to Cadiz, on brig *Ellen Maria.*

No. 1559.—Has been several voyages; books were useful. Gone to Indianola, on schr. *D. H. Bisbee.*

No. 1697.—"Books were highly prized." Gone to Santa Martha, on schr. *M. A. Witham.*

No. 1698.—"Read with interest." Gone to Corpus Christi, on schr. *O. C. Brooks.*

No. 1748.—"Books read by different crews, with interest." Gone to Key West, on brig *Castilian.*

No. 2407.—Returned with good account. Gone to Bahia, on brig *J. Miller.*

No. 2892.—"Books were useful." Gone to Savanilla, on schr. *M. O. Frye.*

No. 2923.—Returned after several voyages; books read and appreciated. Gone to Galveston, on brig *N. N. Ware.*

No. 3012.—Returned, with thanks of Capt. Gone to Queenstown, on bark *Hattie M.*

No. 3075.—"Read with profit." Gone to Rio, on brig *Olytie.*

No. 3153.—Has been two voyages to the Pacific. Much read. Gone to Leghorn, on bark *Helena.*

No. 3258.—"Read with interest." Gone to Savannah, on brig *A. Lea.*

No. 3309.—"Books were instructive and useful." Gone to Buenos Ayres, on bark *Olara.*

No. 3310.—"Means of good;" gone to London, on bark *R. Godfrey.*

No. 3539.—Refitted and gone to South, on schr. *G. Lawrence.*

No. 3564.—Has been to California; refitted and gone to Havana, on bark *Elba.*

No. 3608.—Has been two voyages to Europe; "books read with interest." Gone to Genoa, on brig *O. F. Eaton.*

No. 3610.—Capt. states, "the books were read, and of much service." Gone to Havre, on bark *Brazil.*

No. 2094.—Returned from fifth voyage; much read; gone to Labrador.

No. 2275.—Returned; well read; gone to St. John's.

No. 3125.—Capt. returns thanks for the privilege of having the library on his vessel, and sends a donation in aid of the Society's work.

No. 3627.—Returned. Books much read; gone to West Indies, on schr. *Mary Leblanc*, Capt. Chisholm.

No. 3076.—Returned from ship *Borneo*. Has done a great deal of good. All are very thankful. Gone to Labrador.

No. 2100.—Returned in good condition. Gone to sea, on ship *Venard*.

No. 3492.—“In returning this library, I tender you my sincere thanks for your very great kindness shown to the sailor. I can truly say thrt the books are just what are wanted for cabin or forecastle. Your Society is doing a great work for the men of the sea. To the dear Sabbath school children, who have denied themselves, to provide for the spiritual welfare of those whose “business is on the great deep,” I would likewise return my thanks. May the blessing of Heaven rest on your efforts for the sailor.” Yours,

JOHN CHISHOLM,
of brig *Mary Leblanc*.

This library has gone to sea again on the schooner *Willard*, Capt. Packer.

No. 3613.—“It gives me pleasure to tell you of the great benefit we have derived from this library. All hands have read and profited by the books. I have had many libraries, but none has ever done so much good as this one. The selection of books is excellent, and all join in thanks to the Sabbath-school that gave it. I have \$15, and I hope that by the time I reach New York I shall have more. We have religious services on shipboard twice every Sabbath, and sometimes prayer-meeting, weather permitting. I hope God will prosper you in your good work.”

JOHN MCLEOD,
2d Officer Bark *Sappho*.

To whom shall we give Thanks.

A little boy had sought the pump
From whence the sparkling water burst,
And drank with eager joy the draught,
That kindly quenched his raging thirst;
Then gracefully he touched his cap—
“I thank you, Mr. Pump,” he said,
“For this nice drink you’ve given me!”
(This little boy had been well bred.)

Then said the Pump: “My little man,
You’re welcome to what I have done;
But I am not the one to thank—
I only help the Water run.”
“O, then,” the little fellow said,
(Polite he always meant to be,)
“Cold Water, please accept my thanks,
You have been very kind to me.”

“Ah!” said Cold Water, “don’t thank me;
Far up the hillside lives the Spring
That sends me forth with generous hand
To gladden every living thing.”
“I’ll thank the Spring, then,” said the boy,
And gracefully he bowed his head.
“O, don’t thank me, my little man,”
The Spring with silvery accents said,

“O don’t thank me—for what am I
Without the Dew and summer Rain?
Without their aid I ne’er could quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again.”
“O, well, then,” said the little boy,
“I’ll gladly thank the Rain and Dew.”
“Pray, don’t thank us—without the Sun
We could not fill one cup for you.”

“Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me.”
“Stop!” said the Sun, with blushing face,
“My little fellow, don’t thank me;
’Twas from the Ocean’s mighty stores
I drew the draught I gave to thee.”
“O, Ocean, thanks!” then said the boy:
It echoed back, “Not unto me,—

“Not unto me, but unto Him
Who formed the depths in which I lie,
Go, give thy thanks, my little boy,
To Him who will thy wants supply.”
The boy took off his cap, and said,
In tones so gentle and subdued
“O, God, I thank Thee for this gift,
Thou art the Giver of all good.”

Christian Radical.

How to be Happy.

The happiest little boy we ever knew, was one who was always ready to share his good things with other children.

Prayer! What it does.

Prayer secures for the believer the resources of divinity. What battles has it not fought, what victories has it not won! what burdens has it not carried! what wounds has it not healed! what griefs has it not assuaged! It is the wealth of poverty; the refuge of afflictions; the strength of weakness; the light of darkness.

Prayer is a telegraph stretched not between shore and shore, but its extended lines connect heaven and earth, man and God, the sinner and the Saviour, the humblest home of piety and a throne of grace.—*Guthrie.*

Seven-Dollar Thief.

A traveler on his journey meets a robber in the woods. "Give me your money," cries the highwayman, "or I'll shoot you!"

"It may be," thinks the traveler, "the man is in want;" and he generously gives him six dollars. "Take this. God bless you. Farewell."

"Stop, stop!" cries the robber, "I see another dollar, and must have that."

"Oh sir," replies the traveler, "be contented. Of my all, seven dollars, you have six, and I only one to help me on my journey."

"Give me that seventh dollar!" cries the robber, drawing his pistol.

What do you think of the robber? "The meanest thief I ever could conceive of." What is his name? *Sabbath-breaker!*

The Compass Flower.

There is a little plant away on the prairies of Texas which always, whatever the weather may be, in rain, frost, or sunshine, turns its flower toward the north.

This makes it a sure guide for the traveler, and gives it its name, Compass-Flower, from its resemblance to the compass, which always points towards the north pole.

God's Word, which he has given to us, is a compass to guide us in our way; and if we are faithful to the Lord in all things, our lives may benefit others, and guide them in the

narrow path. And while Jesus is like the Star to direct the Christian in his course, a little, humble, faithful child may be like the compass-flower, and guide the steps of those who have gone astray, to life, and light, and peace.

A Whip or a Word: which is the best?

In one of the London timber-yards there is a carter who is noted for his kindness to the horse which is under his care. He is deeply attached to his horse, and the handsome creature appears to be equally fond of him.

Such is the command that this man has acquired over his horse, that a whip is unnecessary.

He has only to walk a little in advance, when, after a kind word or two, and the simple pointing of the finger, the noble animal will draw his heavy burden much more readily than those which are cruelly lashed with the whip.

Oh, that more kind words were used in the management of horses, and fewer lashes of the whip!

Horses like human beings, are more easily drawn by *kindness* than driven by *cruelty*.

Will our young readers say which is the best;—a whip, or a word?

Lord Teach us to Pray.

Lord, teach my lips to breathe a prayer,
That may before Thy throne ascend;
Make Thou a humble child Thy care,
Be Thou my Savior, God and friend.

Give me my sinfulness to see,
The evil of my heart to know;
And let Thy blood, once shed for me,
Cleanse me till I am white as snow.

My nightly sleep let angels guard,
And keep me till the dawning day;
Be Thou my shield and great reward,
And guide me in the heavenly way.

Linked by the bonds of love divine,
May I and mine to Thee be bound:
And in Thy presence sing and shine,
By mercy saved, with glory crowned.

H. L. H.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

HARMON LOOMIS, D. D., } *Cor. Sec's.*
S. H. HALL, D. D. }

MR. L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*
80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

OFFICES } 13 Cornhill, Boston, Rev. S. W. HANKS.
AND } New Haven, Ct., Rev. H. BEEBE.
ADDRESS } Buffalo, N. Y., Rev. ALBERT BIGELOW.

LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall-st., New York and 13 Cornhill, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman-street.

SAVINGS BANK FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely, and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings Banks as such are established in New York, 78 Wall-street, and Boston, Tremont-street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

SAILORS' HOMES.

LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society....	Fred'k Alexander.
" 153 Thompson street, (colored) .	" " "	W. P. Powell.
BOSTON, 99 Purchase street.....	Boston " "	Capt. P. G. Atwood.
PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front street....	Penn. " "	Capt. J. T. Robinson.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front and Dock streets...	Wilm. Sea. Friend Society....	Capt. W. J. Penton.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society.....	Capt. Jno. McCormick.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Friend Society....	Henry Parsons.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " "	— — —
HONOLULU, S. I.....	" " "	Mrs. Crabbe.

INDEPENDENT SOCIETIES AND PRIVATE SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW YORK, 338 Pearl street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc'y for Seamen. Charles Blake.
" 334 & 336 Pearl street.....	Private.....
" 91 Market street.....	do Peter Oberg.
" 4 Catharine Lane, (colored)....	do G. F. Thompson.
" 45 Oliver street.....	do Christ. Bowman.
" 39 do	do William White.
BOSTON, North Square, "Mariners' House"...	Boston Seamen's Aid Society. N. Hamilton.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S..... David Isley.
BALTIMORE, 65 Thames street.....	Seamen's Union Bethel Soc'y. Edward Kirby.

MARINERS' CHURCHES.

LOCATION.	SUSTAINED BY	MINISTERS.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison st.....	New York Port Society	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
" cor. Water and Dover sts.....	Mission "	" " "
" 27 Greenwich street	" "	B. F. Millard.
" foot of Pike street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society	R. W. Lewis.
" foot of Hubert street, N. R.....	" "	H. F. Roberts.
" Open air Service, Coenties Slip.....	" "	Robt. J. Walker.
" Swedish & English, pier 11, N.R.....	Methodist	O. G. Hedstrom.
" Oliver, cor. Henry st.....	Baptist.....	J. L. Hodge, D. D.
" cor. Henry and Market sts.....	Sea and Land, Presbyterian..	E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, 8 President street.....	Am. Sea. Friend Society... {	E. O. Bates.
BUFFALO.....	Methodist.....	O. Helland.
ALBANY, Montgomery street.....	Boston Sea. Friend Society...	P. G. Cooke.
BOSTON, cor. Salem & N. Bennet streets....	Boston Port Society.....	John Miles.
" North Square.....	Baptist Bethel Society	S. H. Hayes.
" cor. Commercial & Lewis sts.....	Episcopal.....	Geo. S. Noyes.
" Richmond street.....	Portland Sea. Friend Society...	H. A. Cooke.
PORTLAND, Me. Fore st. near New Custom House	Providence Sea. Friend Soc'y	J. P. Robinson.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden street....	New Bedford Port Society....	F. Southworth.
NEW BEDFORD.....	Presbyterian.....	C. M. Winchester.
PHILADELPHIA, corner of Front & Union....	Methodist.....	J. D. Butler.
" cor. Shippen & Penn sts.....	Episcopal.....	D. H. Emerson, D.D.
" Catharine street	Baptist.....	G. W. McLaughlin.
" Church st. above Navy Yard.	Seamen's Un. Bethel Society.	W. B. Erben.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice and Anna st	Baltimore, S. B.....	Joseph Perry.
" cor. Light and Lee stss.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society	Francis McCartney
NORFOLK.....	" " "	R. R. Murphy.
CHARLESTON, Church, near Water street....	" " "	E. N. Crane.
SAVANNAH.....	" " "	Wm. B. Yates.
MOBILE, Church street, near Water.....	" " "	Richard Webb.
NEW ORLEANS.....	" " "	L. H. Pease.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

Organized, May, 1828.—Incorporated, April, 1833.

WILLIAM A. BOOTH, Esq., *President.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President*

Rév. HARMON LOOMIS, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y.*

SAMUEL H. HALL, *Treasurer.*

" S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y. & Ed. Mag.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

OBJECTS. 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen : to protect them from imposition and fraud ; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world ; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to **SAVE THEIR SOULS.** 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT. 1.—The Preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its Chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in CHINA, JAPAN the SANDWICH ISLANDS, PERU, CHILI, BRAZIL, FRANCE, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN NEW BRUNSWICK, &c., and will establish others, as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship board and on shore, and to those who do business upon our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the **SAILORS' MAGAZINE** and **SEAMEN'S FRIEND**, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the **SEAMEN'S FRIEND**, is gratuitously furnished Chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the **LIFE BOAT** for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—**LOAN LIBRARIES**, composed of carefully selected, instructive and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between forty and fifty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing, in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates much more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that (1) It places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it. (2) It places the library in the fore-castle—the sailors' own apartment. (3) It contemplates a connection between the missionary and the individual who furnishes the instrument with which he works. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of libraries sent out by the Society, is 3,713, containing 180,000 volumes. Calculating frequent re-shipments, they have been accessible to probably 170,000 men. Over seven hundred hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of **SAILORS' HOMES**, **READING ROOMS**, **SAVING'S BANKS**, the distribution of **BIBLES**, **TRACTS**, &c.

The **SAILORS' HOME**, 190 Cherry St., New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, since which time it has accommodated 77,678 boarders. This one Institution has saved to seamen and their relatives, \$1,500,000. The moral and religious influence on the seamen sheltered there, can not be estimated. More or less shipwrecked seamen are constantly provided for at the Home. A Missionary of the Society is in daily attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings.

The Society also aids the **HOME FOR COLORED SAILORS**, an excellent institution under the care of Mr. W. P. POWELL, 153 Thompson St. Similar institutions exist, under the care of auxiliary Societies, in the cities of BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, PORTLAND, NEW ORLEANS, SAN FRANCISCO, and HONOLULU, S. I.

NOTE.—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor. Thirty dollars makes a Life-Member ; One Hundred dollars a Life Director. The **SAILORS' MAGAZINE** is, when asked for, sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to Life-Members and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.